

## **But Me And Cinderella, We Put It All Together by dustyirish**

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**Summary:**

Snowbound.

# But Me And Cinderella, We Put It All Together

## Author's Note:

Written for Stonathan Week, for the Cheesy But Delicious prompt.

Guys, I am so sorry - I had two other fics lined up for this, but have such a damn headache that I couldn't finish either of them in time. So I had to knock this silliness out super-quick and with only one eye open. It ain't good, but it is finished, and I'll count that as a frickin' win at this point.

I can also be found on Tumblr under [myspookysunshine](#) - where I'm taking requests or prompts or pretty much whatever.

*We can drive it home  
with one headlight*

~ *The Wallflowers*

"Byers, god, I am so fucking ..."

"Don't," Jonathan interrupted, sitting in the passenger seat, dabbing at the cut on his forehead with a tissue and glaring. "You've said 'sorry' so many times that the word's starting to lose all meaning."

Steve sighed and shut up. He was still shaking from the impact, but he'd gotten away completely unscathed. Jonathan hadn't been quite as lucky. His head had knocked against the window, causing a small gash and a decent-size goose egg. But Steve knew, looking at the tree smashed up against the passenger side, that it could have been a whole hell of a lot worse, and he felt sick thinking about it.

His mother had sent him on a curtain-gathering mission to a nearby town and Steve had nagged Jonathan until he agreed to come along. It had been lightly snowing when they left Hawkins. The conditions had deteriorated badly while they were shopping; sleet, a plummet in temperature and blizzard winds. Jonathan had suggested that they hole up in a diner until things improved. Steve had insisted that a few snowflakes were no match for him and his awesome driving skills. Ten minutes later he had hit a patch of ice and skidded off the road, somehow managing to find the one steep hill in a thirty-mile stretch of flatland. The BMW now sat at the bottom of the ravine, battered and undriveable. The snow was falling harder by the minute, and at this rate the entire car would be covered in a couple of hours, possibly before help could arrive and spot them.

Steve's parents were going to fucking murder him, but that wasn't even a blip on his radar at this point. He looked back over to Jonathan. "Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine." His voice was softer now. "But neither one of us will be soon, if we don't figure something out."

The side window was cracked, and Jonathan was already starting to shiver in his thin jacket, arms wrapped tightly around himself. Steve knew what he wanted, but what he wanted was asking for nothing but complications. Jonathan wasn't a casual one and done type - honestly, Steve didn't want him to be. But it wasn't like they could walk the halls of Hawkins High holding hands. He couldn't press Jonathan up against a locker and kiss him whenever he felt like it.

Nothing about it would be simple. It would mean hiding and dodging bullets and sex in the shadows. Steve had to decide if it was worth it. If *Jonathan* was worth it. From the way Steve's heart clenched just looking at him, he figured the decision had probably already been made quite awhile back.

"Come on." He climbed into the back seat, tugging at Jonathan's sleeve as he went.

Jonathan frowned but followed, settling in beside him. "What are we doing?"

"Figuring something out." He leaned in, locking eyes with Jonathan. "Look, we don't have time to dance around this, or I swear to god I'd be more eloquent, but here goes : I like girls. I like boys. I like *you*. I think you like me. We have one cheap blanket between us."

Jonathan blinked, giving him a puzzled, wary glance. "I don't ... What are you saying?"

"I'm saying let me keep you warm," Steve said softly and trailed a thumb along Jonathan's cold cheekbone. "What do you say?"

Jonathan opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again then just nodded.

Steve smiled and moved in the rest of the way, but he didn't go for the obvious. "I *am* sorry," he whispered, brushing his lips gently alongside the cut on Jonathan's forehead. "I'm a moron," he murmured against Jonathan's cheek. "I should have listened to you," he breathed into Jonathan's ear.

It was Jonathan who tugged him down into an actual kiss, intense and deep, warmth spreading through Steve like wildfire.

Jonathan broke the kiss and leaned up to whisper into Steve's ear. "Actually, I'm kind of glad you didn't listen to me."